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# The Golden Dagger

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**Chapter 1 by Yutyut4**

THE GOLDEN DAGGER

Johann awoke to a crackling fire and distant screams. he got up and grabbed his favorite silver dagger. He opened the door and ran towards the city gates. As he ran out of the city he saw what was terrorizing the city, it was a large dragon. He ran and ran till he got to the nearest city that was called arksen. When he arrived he saw everything was in ruin. he found a brick shack that he could stay in for the rest of the night. He awoke to a man trying to get him to leave when he left he was somehow in arksen the way it used to be. As he walked back toward the cities gates he saw it. the same blood red dragon. He ran keeping in mind a map that he had memorized as a child. He decided he would head for the village of helgen. While he was on the road he was ambushed. The attacker was shady wood elf using an orcish sword. John pulled out his silver dagger and while he was unsheathing weapon the elf's blade brushed past his arm. Though then John sliced the elf once which staggered him making it so John could stab him. After he defeated the elf he took his blade, cloak and his 500 gold pieces. At dawn he arrived at Helgen and he went straight to the inn. He rented a room at the iron plant inn but went back outside to go to the market. He spent 10 gold at the Inn and 50 gold at the market stalls. He

later went back to the inn to lie down. he sat in bed drinking mead that he bought at the market stalls. A few minutes later he was

When he awoke he was in a room that looked like a derelict cabin. There was a man in a blue cloak. "Who are you?" said John. "That is not for you to know," the man said. "You killed one of our rivals," said the

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man. "You stabbed him to his death which is not an offen thing that happens." He said. "You mean the elf?" John asked. "Yes, yes the elf. His name was Arlnam from the clan of Silver-Shield. Though you have probably never heard of the clans." The man said. "Now, who are you?" John said pulling out his blade. "I'm marketh of the clan Grey-Breeze. The people of Gray-Breeze have been in a battle of the rivals against Silver-Shield. We have been waiting for a person we could take under our wing." Marketh told John. "You think you're taking me under your wing though I was the one that killed the clan member? I should be taking you under my wing!" Said an outraged John. "For you do not want to know how many silver-shields I have defeated in my day. But It is fine for you to question our induction methods. Here a gift for actually listening to me talk." Marketh said as he handed John a gold dagger. "Why would you give me this for all I have done is sat and said a few words in question?" John said surprised. upon us. For we do not have enough men that can fight or are willing to fight. We think that we can recruit many more now though. Because the silver-shield assassins are getting bored and are trying to kill more men." Marketh said. "Well what can I do?" John asked Marketh. "Well before you do anything go to house #14 for it is now your own, we provided some food and fu" For many have gone outside to head back home but they along the way are murdered by a group of silver-shields. And we have to stay hidden so the Jarl does not think it was us." Said marketh sadly. John saw kids running around playing tag and people running a small group of market stalls. The village was thriving or so it looked. " These are good times for our village but we are afraid a war is about to be rnishings for it. We give you the home and what's inside as a second reward for killing your hunter." Marketh said

as he handed the house key to John. "Thank you!" Said John gratefully. John walked down the grassy road reading the house numbers trying to find number fourteen. When he arrived at his new home he put the key in the lock and opened the door. As he stepped inside it seemed giant. He walked into the dining room and saw a package that was wrapped in a thin leather. John walked up to the package. It read "A gift from the smithy for killing the elf." John opened the package, inside was a a cloak that had what john thought to be the gray-breeze crest. he took off the other cloak and put on the gray-breeze cloak. He walked to see an upstairs which is not normal for a house in this time. He went upstairs to see a bedroom and a study. He walked into

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beef cabbage stew. He sat down in the dining room to eat. As he ate someone knocked on his door. he opened the door to see a courier. "A man gave this to me and said to deliver it to you. So here you are" The courier said while handing John the note. The courier walked away. John looked at the note it had a wax seal the had a shield on it. He opened the note. It read "You have killed one of our men and we are not pleased. You should have never have laid a finger on one of my men. If you are to go onto our land or hurt one of our men war will be unleashed upon you and your fellow citizens of grey-breeze. -Your rival". John ran to Marketh, who was in the market. He showed him the note. "Who did you get this from?" Marketh asked john. "The courier." John told Marketh. "He couldn't have gotten far, after him!" Marketh yelled. 8 men got behind Marketh with their weapons readied. John, Marketh and Marketh's men ran for a while until they found the courier. Marketh knocked the courier against a tree and put his golden dagger up against his neck. "Who gave you the message you just gave away to a gray-breeze?!" Marketh angrily asked the courier. "A slender man that was just outside of the arksen ruins..." The courier said sheepishly. Marketh took the dagger away from the couriers neck. Marketh walked away with his men, John followed. They started walking back to the village but suddenly a group of shadowy figures jumped off the cliff above them. They all pulled out orcish weapons. All of us unsheathed our weapons. All of them and us went into a bloody swordfight. 2 of Marketh's men perished, but 6 silver-shields were killed though 1 escaped. All of Marketh's men started taking the dead silver-shield's weapons. When we all got back to the village we all put the gear we had taken in the villages vaults. While we were in the vaults Marketh showed me my own little safe in a long hallway of the vaults. Marketh went to help the men put away the armor. John saw a case with a dagger in it at the end of the hall. When he walked up to it something in his pocket started to shake. It was his golden dagger. He pulled it out of his pocket. Streams of blue light started to come from the dagger in the case to John's golden dagger. As the streams of light stopped the golden dagger gained a blue and red glow. John ran to Marketh to show him the dagger. As he showed Marketh both of them started to become amazed. "The dagger at the end of the hall was the dagger of hatred. Your true unseen hate of the silver-shields was seen by the dagger. For now you are the one that must destroy the ones you hated, our rivals. We will go to war against them and win. We should go tell the people. For once they

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Some almost men will be provided with armor and weapons. But not all will go into the war. John will now say a few words.” Marketh said to the crowd. “Though just a short time ago I was accepted I believe with me,you and the newcomers we can take all of their lives and rights to be a clan. With the dagger of hatred we can take them! We will win!” John said before him and Marketh walked away from the square. John went back home and lied down. He grabbed a bottle of mead off of the table next to his bed. He then took off the cork and drank it dry. He lay vulnerable to the max, unable to fight or anything. He fell asleep with the bottle lying next to him. He awoke to hear pounding on his door. He hurried downstairs to open it. It was Marketh. “What are you doing here so early Marketh?” John asked. “Well since we need to get ready for battle we should start now, at dawn. We need to start sharpening our weapons for war and getting food and other supplies for the journey to the Silver-Shield camp.” Marketh told John. “Alright, just let me get some stuff from my home” John said. John shut the door as Marketh walked away. John ran to his new kitchen and grabbed a sack with straps on it that he found in his new house. He filled it with mead, elven bread, jarred berries and many more types of food. John also grabbed a map that he had found while looking for food to bring on the journey. John left the house to go to the smithy with the sack and all of his needed weapons. When he got there he and Marketh nodded to each other and went on to sharpen their blades. John made his sword symmetrically curve to the right with a triangular point. Once the blade was fully sharpened all of the men in the forge, which was quite a lot started to group up. Johann stood up front with Marketh.”all charge ahead towards the enemies land!” Marketh yelled at everyone. Everyone started to move along onto the trail heading towards the guild’s base. A few hours later. Everyone sat down to eat and drink, for it was lunchtime. Johann opened up a bottle of mead. Though this was different from all the other bottles. This one said “Arksen honeyman” in big fat red faded letters. A villager sitting next to him said “Ah, some honeyman mead. that’s the good stuff. So Johann where you from?”. “A town just south of Arksen called Plurote. And yes this is good, I used to drink it when I was a little younger. Though the mead now being 15 gold a bottle is just a little to much for me.” Johan responded to the man while sipping the mead. “Ah, yes I understand but I just find it two hard of a brew to resist. My name is warune. I was from Helgen before I came here. Oh and yes, did you hear about the dragon that

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we got to three treestumps in a vertical line. Marketh was on one, food was on one and Johann sat down on the third. "I met a man named Warune, he seemed quite nice." Johann said. "Ah, yes the village's gossip and untrusty secret holder." Marketh said happily. "Well I think you should tell everyone that we need to get going now." Johann said. "Yeah, you're right we should get going." Said Marketh. Johann stood up with Marketh and went down the trail to the road. "Okay people, we need to get moving. We are almost halfway there from what my map makers say. So we should get moving and stop a short bit before we get there, so we can get some sleep for the night. Okay lets move!" Marketh said to the crowd of villagers. Everyone started walking. The group did not run into much other than a wolf and it's pups. About an hour before they would get there Marketh stopped them. "Okay everyone this is where we will camp for the night. Johann and Warune you stand guard tonight." Marketh said to everyone in the group. Johann and Warune unsheathed their blades. A few hours later. It was midnight and Warune had fallen asleep with his face smashed up against a tree. Though Johann was still awake and aware. Suddenly he heard rustling in the bushes. Johann walked up nervously. Johann reached in and felt something soft. It felt like a long coat of leather but even silkier. He looked over and saw a not so feral sabre cat cub glancing up at him. The cub started meowing happily. The cub walked out from the bush it hid behind and sat on Johann's metal coated boot. The cub started to purr and meowed once more. Johann woke up Warune. "Your time to stay awake buddy." Johann told Warune. Warune mumbled and groaned til he finally picked up his sword. Johann sat back down next to the cub. The cub jumped on Johann's lap and went to sleep. Johann suddenly was also tired. Johann mumbled "Good night buddy". Johann was asleep. Johann awoke to a villager shaking his shoulder. The villager walked away. Johann looked down. The cub was still sound asleep happily sitting on him. Warune walked up to Johann "I'm leaving this dump. So bye." Warune said not so gratefully. "Wait! I'll pay you some gold if you take this cub to my house back in town. Also I'll pay extra if you get a bowl and give him some beef and water." Johann told Warune. "Fine, but it has to be at least 12 gold pieces!" Warune said. "okay". Johann handed Warune the cub. Warune opened his second sack that was empty. He put the cub inside. Once he had the cub inside he took out his knife. He carved a few small round holes in the sack. Warune put the sack back over both of his shoulders And started to head towards the Gray-

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“Okay, since almost none of you know any war positions, we are just all going to charge at them. Sarwen and ertark will stay and fire at the enemy with their bows. On my warhorn’s cry we will head in towards victory!” Marketh quietly said behind some underbrush. Marketh blew his horn. Everyone charged towards the village while yelling to alert all others that the end was coming to anyone who stood in their way. The group got closer, they had stopped yelling probably trying to save energy. It looked as if the archers had taken out both of the gaurds even with the dull arrows they used. Everyone made it to the village. Johann stabbed someone with his dagger. Johann was facing lots of men, killing all of them without getting a scratch. Then he saw. A man in a black suit of armor that had an unholy glow. Though this man was riding a beast. It looked as if a sabre cat had been bred with a blood thirsty blackbear. But Johann could easily see the gray breezes were winning, well other than the rider. Johann took off his helm so he could see better. He saw Marketh running towards the rider. Johann started running with him too. About 5 other men joined in with them to run and attack the rider. When he got into view, he was not facing them. 2 men went up and stabbed the beast with their blades. The rest of them went to attack the man. 1 of them got his head cut clean off. When somehow the two men had defeated the beast the man was riding, we all grouped together and charged him. Marketh was hit in the chest with his blade, but his chestpiece protected him leaving him uncut. Though Johann jumped on him from behind stabbing him in the back his neck with the dagger of hatred. The man dropped his blade, fell to the ground on his knees and turned to bones. The armor that johann was wearing suddenly started to glow brightly. It started to change from it’s dark green color to a blackish color. He looked at the armor on the dead rider, it was dark green like his old armor. It seemed as if all the army and the villagers of the town had been massacred. “Well looks like everyone here is dead. I’ll make sure half our people stay here and make it their new home. But you johann, should go home.” Marketh said to Johann. “Yes, I will head back now to the village with anyone who wants to come back with me.” Jonick said. A group was gathered up and Johann and that group left for the first village. They made it there to mid-evening having no obstacles. Johann ran to his house. He opened the door and went on inside. When he was in the cub hurried to him. Johann went to the kitchen with the cub. He saw Warune had put a slab of wolf meat and what looked and smelled to be ale in two different bowls. Johann took a bowl

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poured some on the bread. As he ate the bread he started noticing how tired he was. He heard something coming up the stairs. it was just the cub. The cub ran in his room and jumped on his bed. "I need something to call you." Johann said to the cub. "How about Darmal" Johann said to the cub. The cub meowed. Johann heard someone knock on the door. He went down to get it. He opened the door. No one was there. he looked down. There was a letter. Johann picked it up. It had a crest which seemed to be a dragon with a large arrow in its neck. Johann opened it. "Meet me behind the empty house that they first had you in." it said. Johann walked out the door and behind the house. A man was standing in front of him. The man was very pale and wore a light red cloak.. "No one knows you are here right?" The man asked Johann. "Yes, I guess so." Johann replied. "Good we have much to talk about. When you saw the dragon at Arksen and you seemed to move in time, it was our doing. We thought no one was there but you were. When someone has something like that happen to them we contact them." The man said. "Who are you?" Johann said.

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